A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM

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NO. 9
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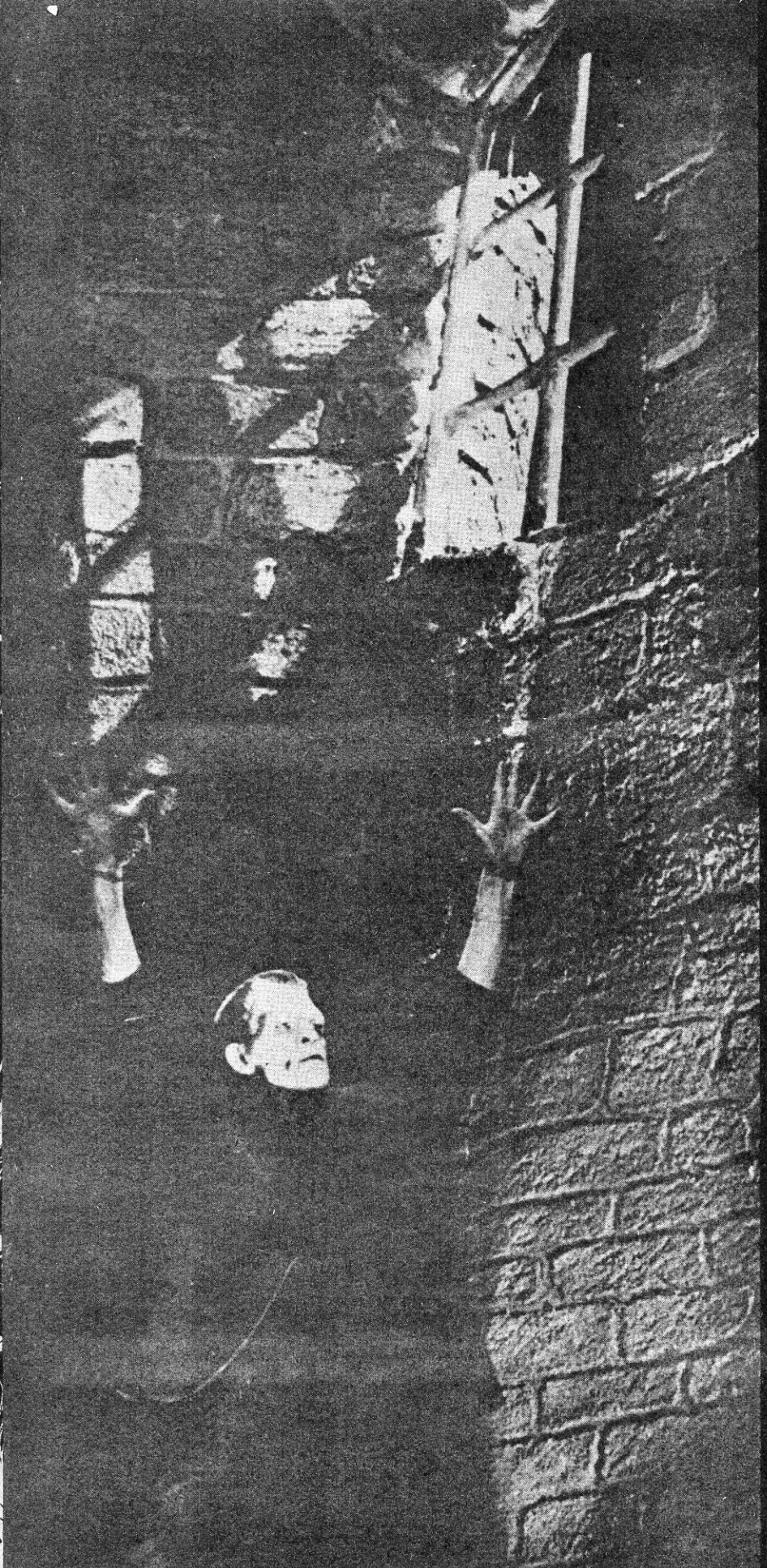
1974

TALES OF HORROR TO ROT YOUR MIND

the Asylum DOWN TO HADES TO DIE! Who Killed the Shark?
the Victims: I AM HORROR INCARNATE!

FABA



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

number 9 September 1974

cover artist

FABA

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I NEVER HEARD OF A GHOST ACTUALLY KILLING ANYONE!

As a matter of fact, whoever heard of a ghost even HURTING anyone? In this tale of terror the ghost goes the whole route and SLAUGHTERS EVERYONE! . . . page 41

I AM HORROR INCARNATE!

Sinister SUSO is at his gruesome best in this adventure which takes the Victims out of the SANITY of this world and into the NEXT, which is a land infinitely more FRIGHTENING than any you have ever known! . . . page 47

SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 7 TIMES A YEAR. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PUIGAGUT

NOW DON'T GET *UPSET* MARTIN... I'M NOT GOING TO...*HARM* YOU. STAND UP MARTIN. FOLLOW MY VOICE... DON'T BE *AFRAID* MARTIN... JUST FOLLOW MY VOICE. *COME* MARTIN... I'VE RESERVED A *SPECIAL PLACE* FOR YOU. COME MARTIN...ENTER MY *DOMAIN*... COME MARTIN...

DOWN TO HADES... TO DIE!

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? ONE MINUTE I'M SLEEPIN' IN MY APARTMENT IN BROOKLYN, AND THE NEXT...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT MARTIN... JUST FOLLOW MY VOICE... COME MARTIN...
...I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A NIGHTMARE!!!
DAMMIT! WHAT IS THIS?
COME MARTIN... YOU'RE DELAYING THINGS. START WALKING MARTIN... JUST FOLLOW MY VOICE.
NOW MARTIN... DON'T BE AFRAID... JUST KEEP WALKING... WALKING... WALKING...
...INTO THIS...!!!
OH GOD...
...GOD...

WHAT'S THE MATTER MARTIN... DON'T YOU LIKE MY... HOME? COME, COME NOW... DON'T BE AFRAID... JUST KEEP WALKING...
GOD... NO!
GOOD LORD...

WHA... IT'S GONE!
NOW MARTIN... DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D LET SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN TO YOU? REALLY MARTIN
KEEP WALKING MARTIN... YOU'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO... AND JUST SO YOU DON'T DECIDE TO TURN BACK, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT THE WEREWOLF WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU AND IT WILL BE REAL NEXT TIME!
THIS IS A NIGHTMARE... IT HAS TO BE!!!
... PLEASE GOD... PLEASE LET IT BE ONLY A NIGHTMARE...
DON'T SLOW DOWN MARTIN... COME ALONG NOW... YOU'VE NOTHING ... TO FEAR...
THAT VOICE... GOADING ME ON... KNOWING WHAT COMES NEXT!

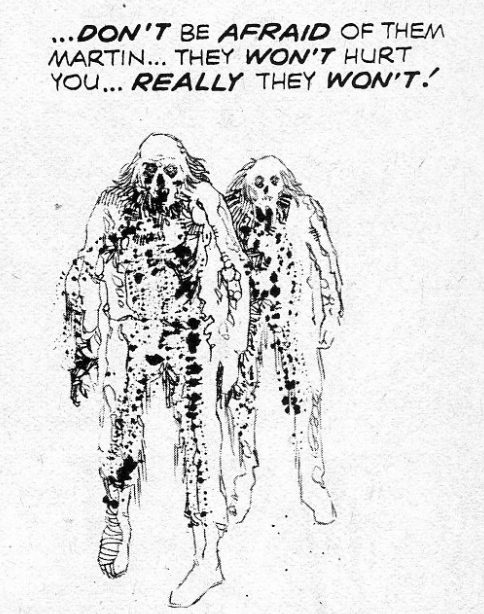
AGAIN MARTIN. LOOK AT THOSE FANGS MARTIN... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES WITH THEM? HE USES THEM FOR FOOD MARTIN...

...FOR DIGGING INTO YOUR NECK FOR BLOOD!!!

GOD... PLEASE GET ME OUT OF THIS ...I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE!
MARTIN, MARTIN, MARTIN! I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE AFRAID... YOU REALLY SHOULD LISTEN TO ME YOU KNOW.

NOW COME ALONG MARTIN... BECAUSE THE VAMPIRE IS BACK THERE WITH THE WEREWOLF... AND THEY'RE BOTH WAITING FOR YOU!
MY MIND'S SNAPPING... I CAN FEEL IT! I'M GOING INSANE! MY GOD! I'M GOING NUTS!!!

GOD... NOW WHAT???
YOU'VE BEEN SUFFICIENTLY PREPARED, SO MY SERVANTS ARE COMING FOR YOU NOW MARTIN...


...DON'T BE AFRAID OF THEM MARTIN... THEY WON'T HURT YOU... REALLY THEY WON'T!

THAT'S RIGHT MARTIN... DON'T RUN... JUST WAIT FOR THEM...
GOD PLEASE GET ME AWAY FROM HERE... PLEASE PLEASE...

NOW MARTIN, DON'T BE AFRAID... THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS... REMEMBER THAT... THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS....

YOU'LL BE FINE SOON MARTIN... SEE, THEY'RE LEAVING THE PATH...

SEE MARTIN... YOU'RE HERE... WITH ALL OF US MARTIN... YOU'RE SAFE HERE MARTIN... AND YOU'RE MINE.!
W-WHO ARE YOU? W-WHY CAN'T I SEE YOU?

I? I AM THE RULER HERE MARTIN... I AM LUCIFER, MARTIN, LUCIFER! THERE IS NO NEED TO SEE ME MARTIN... I EXIST, THAT IS ALL YOU NEED KNOW. SEE THAT EMPTY CHAIR IS FOR YOU!
NO! NO!

NO MARTIN... I'M AFRAID YOU MUST STAY... BUT YOU CAN BE HAPPY. WHY DON'T YOU DANCE?
NO.! I DON'T WANT TO DANCE! LET ME GO! LET ME GO.!!!

NO MARTIN... I CAN'T DO THAT. NOW WHY DON'T YOU DANCE? DANCE MARTIN, DANCE! GO TO THEM MARTIN. THEY'RE DANCING FOR YOU!
NO....

DANCE MARTIN. DON'T BE AFRAID. NO ONE WILL HURT YOU. DANCE MARTIN.
WHY MARTIN... YOU'RE CRYING....
WHAT'S THIS MARTIN? THE CRYING... DOES IT MEAN YOUR MIND HAS SNAPPED? NO ANSWER MARTIN? WELL... GO AHEAD MARTIN... SIT DOWN.
DON'T WORRY MARTIN... WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU HERE... THAT'S RIGHT... SIT DOWN AND CRY... AFTER ALL... YOU'VE HAD A HARD DAY... YOU'LL FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW.
WE'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE MARTIN... SOMEONE ELSE....
WAKE UP BRENDA... WAKE UP....

THE MACABRE SCREAM MAILBAG

. . . Welcome to SCREAM numero 9, the numero uno magazino on the newstando, wherein we introduce new artist PUIGAGUT with a strange tale by strange AUGUSTINE FUNNELL, murder the shark in NOSFERATU, chapter 8, kill off METZENGERSTEIN in the classic POE tale of horror, pay tribute to paranoic PABLO MARCOS, kill some ghosts in haunted houses, kill some lunatics in asylums, and threaten to Kill THE VICTIMS in I AM HORROR INCARNATE — all in all an ALL-HORROR ISSUE! . . .

. . . Corrupt correspondence from BRIAN GRAY of Tulsa, Oklahoma, regarding the awesome FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER — "I do not think you should have Frankenstein in a regular series. The stories would be good, but each story would be searching for some new situation that you could put him in. After 3 or 4 stories, the stories would become comical. Not demeaning your writers, but I really don't think you could have Frankenstein in a series without degrading the stories. I would thoroughly LOVE to see Frankenstein in a series, but not a series that is stupid! If you do put Frankenstein in a series you will have to have Frankenstein regenerated by another mad doctor. This will start the stepping stones for your series to go further down in quality. Maybe every 3 issues or something like that. Also I would like to commend Skywald magazines for their interpertations of Edgar Allan Poe's Classic Horror Stories."

. . . VON BODENHAUSEN of Bellevue, Nebraska writes: "Yes, I would like to see the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER featured as a regular character in every issue of SCREAM. If you could get permission, it would be interesting to see what you could do with an adaptation of FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND, the relatively new novel by Brian Aldiss which just appeared in FANTASTIC STORIES. I can hardly wait for TOMB OF HORROR, but I guess I have to!" — NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR will be on sale September 26, 1974, for all you fanatics of the gruesome and the fantastic! . . .

. . . Macabre correspondence from JOHN WHITEHEAD of Manchester in England — "I would like you to know how much my brother and I enjoy your books . . . The stories are very good indeed. We get the magazines once a year when we go down to Wales, where a few odd shops sell them — we read every word! Thank you all for publishing such a super book, and having time to read my letter" — Indeed we are always delighted to read every piece of mail we receive, whether from fans abroad or right here at home . . .

A BAT.!
--HE CAN TAKE THE GUISE OF A BAT? HIS POWERS ARE STRANGE AND WONDROUS...
IT IS DRACULA --GONE OUT FOR A NIGHT'S FEASTING--
STRANGE, YES - BUT NOT WONDROUS, DAMON -- WONDROUS DENOTES SOMETHING GOOD-- AND WHATEVER DRACULA TOLD YOU ABOUT VAMPIRISM WAS PROBABLY INCOMPLETE...

The 1974 PSYCHO SUMMER-SPECIAL pits the greatest of all monsters, the FRANKENSTEIN behemoth, against the greatest of all vampires, DRACULA! The extraordinary art by Cesar Lopez makes this a very special Summer-Special for your HORROR-MOOD COLLECTION, on sale August 29, miss it not!

. . . A corrupt coupon from VICTOR SHARP of Lake City, Tennessee, lets us know that THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, chapter one, was his favorite tale in SCREAM 6, because — "Both story and art were fantastic — Suso is the best!" . . . A couple of corrupt coupons from FRANK CLARK of Wylie, Texas indicate we should continue the FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER series, and that MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE was his favorite tale in SCREAM #6! — LUNDY ARTHUR WRIGHT of Birchleaf, Virginia writes that WHEN THE DUSK FALLS, SO DOES DEATH, in the MONSTER MONSTER SAGA, was his favorite tale in SCREAM #4 — PAULINE SMITH, aged 44, writes that she has no favorite story of the issue: "I love all of them — but particularly AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE!" . . .

Y'all don't forget our very special contest — (it's special because you don't win anything) — namely: THE MOST QUESTIONS ANYONE CAN POSSIBLY ASK HORROR - MOOD CONTEST — that's right, the winner is the letter we receive that, simply, asks the most, and the weirdest, questions, about what's going on in the HORROR-MOOD magazines — the winner will have his ENTIRE LETTER published, along with our answers, natch!, plus an autographed copy of a current issue — so ENTER NOW, send your question-letters to:

THE MOST QUESTIONS ANYONE CAN POSSIBLY ASK HORROR-MOOD CONTEST.
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORP.
18 East 41st St.
Room 1501
New York City
N.Y. 10017

. . . SOSTRES will be taking over the artistic chores for LADY SATAN momentarily just as soon as he finishes the slimy sequel to REQUIEM FOR A HUMAN BEING, namely, IN THE JUNGLE OF THE BATS, as fierce and ragged a sequel as you'll EVER want to read . . .

. . . if y'all have something to SAY then write — if not — then enjoy reading! Enjoy, enjoy! . . .

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is .....

because .....

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is .....

because .....

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because .....

.....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is .....

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is .....

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths .....

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment): .....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan): .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims): .....

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL): .....

.....

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazines or for NEW FEATURES?

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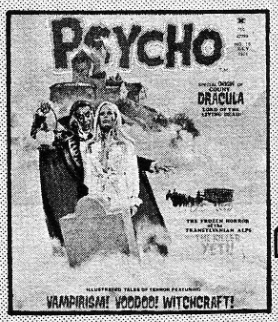
my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)



☐ as an insert

☐ full size cover art

☐ special design art

comment .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

my favorite all time HORROR-MOOD cover is .....

.....

send in this page, or a fascimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name ..... age .....
address .....
city and all else .....

HORROR AND FATALITY HAVE BEEN STALKING ABROAD IN ALL AGES -- IN HUNGARY THE FAMILIES OF BERLIFITZING AND METZENGERSTEIN HAD BEEN WARING FOR CENTURIES -- THE ORIGIN OF THIS ENMITY SEEMS TO BE FOUND IN THE WORDS OF AN ANCIENT PROPHECY - "A LOFTY NAME SHALL HAVE A FEARFUL FALL WHEN, AS THE RIDER OVER HIS HORSE, THE MORTALITY OF METZENGERSTEIN SHALL TRIUMPH OVER THE IMMORTALITY OF BERLIFITZING"... NOW THIS PROPHECY, SO OBSCURELY WRITTEN (AND BY WHOM NO-ONE KNOWS) NO-ONE EVER UNDERSTOOD... YET... IT FORMS THE BASIS FOR THE NARRATIVE TITLED:

Metzengerstein

ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO

...AT THE EPOC OF THIS NARRATIVE, WILHELM, COUNT BERLIFITZING, WAS AN INFIRM AND DOTING OLD MAN -- REMARKABLE FOR NOTHING EXCEPT HIS HATRED FOR THE METZENGERSTEIN FAMILY, AND FOR HIS PASSIONATE LOVE OF HORSES...

...FREDERICK, BARON METZENGERSTEIN, WAS, ON THE OTHER HAND, NOT YET OF AGE WHEN HE CAME TO POSSESS THE VAST METZENGERSTEIN LANDS AND RICHES, INCLUDING THE GREAT PALACE - WHOSE AREA EMBRACED A CIRCUIT OF FIFTY MILES...

...SHAMEFUL DEBAUCHERIES -- FLAGRANT TREACHERIES -- UNHEARD-OF-ATROCITIES WERE THE YOUNG BARON'S IMMEDIATE EMPLOY -- ONLY FOUR DAYS AFTER HIS GRAND-FATHER DIED AND THE YOUNG MAN ACQUIRED THE INCREDIBLE METZENGERSTEIN ESTATES, HE BURNED THE STABLES OF THE CASTLE BERLIFITZING TO THE GROUND...

...DURING THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE, THE BARON BURIED HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY, DEEP IN MEDITATION, ENGROSSED IN A MAJESTIC TAPESTRY WHICH PORTRAYED THE HORSE OF THE BERLIFITZING HOUSEHOLD, MOTIONLESS AND STATUE-LIKE, WHILE ITS RIDER PERISHED BY THE DAGGER OF A METZENGERSTEIN...

...AS BARON METZENGERSTEIN WATCHED, A FIENDISH EXPRESSION AROSE ON HIS LIPS -- TO HIS EXTREME HORROR AND ASTONISHMENT, THE HEAD OF THE GIGANTIC STEED ALTERED ITS POSITION, THREW THE RIDER FROM HIS BACK TO THE GROUND THEN DISTENDED HIS LIPS TO REVEAL DISGUSTING YELLOW TEETH SNARLED TO A VICIOUS LEER...

...THE BARON FLED THE ROOM IN HORROR...

...IN HIS COURTYARD, THE BARON OBSERVED HIS SERVANTS WRESTLING TO RESTRAIN A GIGANTIC AND FIERY-COLOURED HORSE...

WHOSE HORSE? WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?

WE CAUGHT HIM FLYING -- ALL SMOKING AND FOAMING WITH RAGE, FROM THE BURNING STABLES OF THE CASTLE BERLIFITZING... ...BUT HE IS NOT A BERLIFITZING HORSE -- WE INQUIRED -- NO-ONE KNOWS ANYTHING OF HIM...

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD SIRE... YOUR ENEMY, THE OLD BERLIFITZING, PERISHED IN THE FIRE... HE TRIED TO SAVE HIS HORSES -- AND WAS CONSUMED IN THE FLAMES -- HE IS DEAD...

HAHAHAHA HAAAHAHAAA -- SHOCKING! HAHHAHAHAH HAHAHA!!

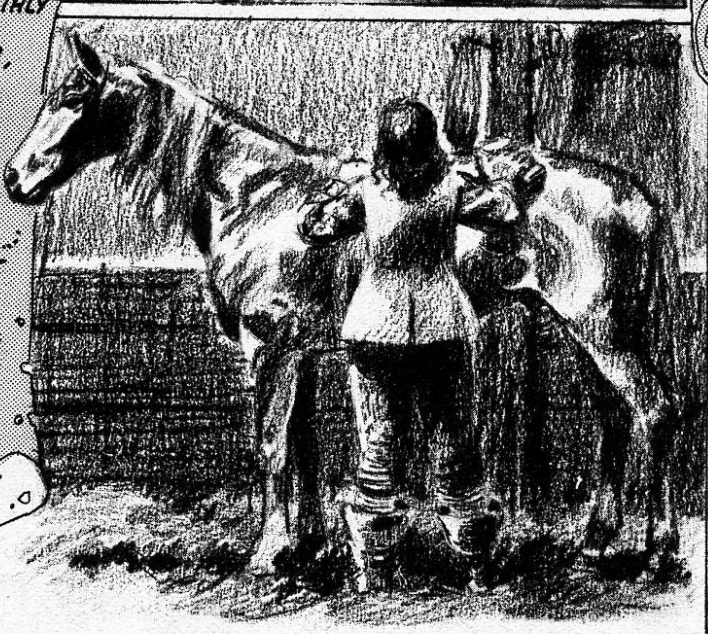
...FROM THIS DATE A MARKED *ALTERATION* TOOK PLACE IN THE OUTWARD DEMEANOR OF THE DISSOLUTE YOUNG BARON FREDERICK VON METZENGERSTEIN -- HE BECAME *UTTERLY COMPANIONLESS* - UNLESS, INDEED, THAT UNNATURAL, IMPETUOUS AND FIERY-COLOURED *HORSE*, WHICH HE *CONTINUALLY* BESTRODE, HAD ANY *MYSTERIOUS RIGHT* TO THE *TITLE* OF *'FRIEND'*...

...NUMEROUS *INVITATIONS* ON THE PART OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD PERIODICALLY CAME IN. "WILL THE BARON HONOR OUR FESTIVITIES WITH HIS PRESENCE?" "WILL THE BARON JOIN US IN A HUNTING OF THE BOAR?" "METZENGERSTEIN DOES NOT HUNT," "METZENGERSTEIN WILL NOT ATTEND", WERE THE HAUGHTY AND LACONIC ANSWERS...

...IN THE *GLARE OF THE MOON* - AT THE *DEAD HOUR* OF *NIGHT* - IN *SICKNESS* OR IN *HEALTH* - IN *CALM* OR IN *TEMPEST* - YOUNG *METZENGERSTEIN* SEEMED *RIVETED* TO THE SADDLE OF THAT COLOSSAL *HORSE*...

...AND FURTHER, IT APPEARED YOUNG METZENGERSTEIN WAS *TERRIFIED* BY HIS CONSTANT COMPANION - AND WAS NOTICED TO TURN *PALE* AND *SHRINK AWAY* FROM THE RAPID AND SEARCHING EXPRESSION OF THE HORSE'S *HUMAN-LOOKING EYE*...

...THERE WAS AN *UNEARTHLY CHARACTER* TO THE *MANIA* OF THE *RIDER*, AND TO THE *CAPABILITIES* OF THE *STEED*. THE *JUMP* OF THE *STEED* WAS MEASURED AND FAR *OUTDISTANCED* THE *IMAGINATION* - THE BARON WOULD NOT *NAME* HIS STEED FOR A REASON NEVER DETERMINED...AND THE HORSE WAS *ATTENDED* BY THE *BARON ONLY* AT A *SPECIAL STABLE* SOME DISTANCE FROM THE *OTHERS*...



...ONE TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT, METZENGERSTEIN, AWAKING FROM A HEAVY SLUMBER, DESCENDED LIKE A *MANIAC* FROM HIS CHAMBER...

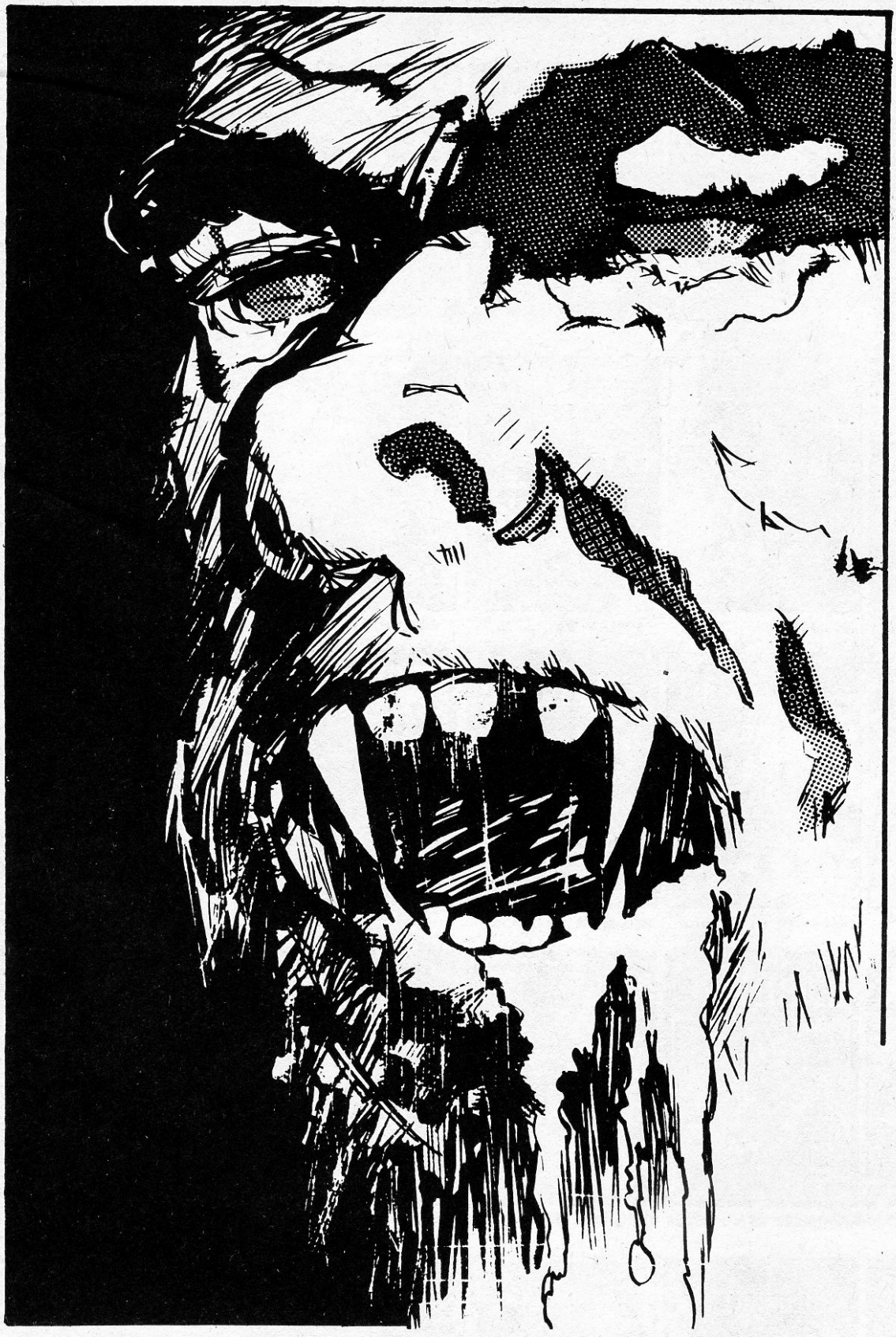
--HE MOUNTED IN HOT HASTE, AND BOUNDED AWAY INTO THE *MAZES* OF THE SURROUNDING *FOREST*...

...SEVERAL *HOURS* LATER. THE STUPENDOUS AND MAGNIFICIENT BATTLEMENTS OF THE *PALACE METZENGERSTEIN* WERE DISCOVERED CRACKLING AND ROCKING TO THEIR VERY *FOUNDATION*, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A DENSE AND LIVID *MASS* OF UNGOVERNABLE *FIRE*...

...ATTEMPTS TO *SAVE* THE BUILDING WERE *FUTILE* - THE SERVANTS LACKED THE *DIRECTIONS* OF THEIR *MASTER* AND ALL WAS IN *CHAOS*...

...UP THE LONG AVENUE OF AGED OAKS WHICH LED FROM THE FOREST TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE... METZENGERSTEIN, A STEED, BEARING A GREATLY DISORDERED RIDER, WAS SEEN LEAPING WITH AN IMPETUOSITY WHICH OUTSTRIPPED THE VERY DEMON OF THE TEMPEST...
...THE AGONY OF THE RIDER'S FACE, . . . THE STRUGGLE OF HIS BODY, GAVE EVIDENCE OF SUPERHUMAN EXERTION: BUT NO SOUND SAVE A SOLITARY SHRIEK, ESCAPED FROM HIS LACERATED LIPS, WHICH WERE BITTEN THROUGH AND THROUGH IN THE INTENSITY OF TERROR...
...ONE INSTANT, AND THE CLATTERING OF HOOFS RESOUNDED SHARPLY AND SHRILLY ABOVE THE ROARING OF THE FLAMES AND THE SHRIEKING OF THE WINDS--ANOTHER, AND, CLEARING AT A SINGLE PLUNGE THE GATE-WAY AND THE MOAT--
...THE STEED, BOUNDED FAR UP THE TOTTERING STAIRCASE OF THE PALACE, AND, WITH ITS RIDER, DISAPPEARED AMID THE WHIRLWIND OF CHAOTIC FIRE...

...THE FURY OF THE TEMPEST IMMEDIATELY DIED AWAY, AND A DEAD CALM SULLENLY SUCCEEDED. A WHITE FLAME STILL ENVELOPED THE BUILDING LIKE A SHROUD, AND, STREAMING FAR AWAY INTO THE QUIET ATMOSPHERE, SHOT FORTH A GLARE OF PRETERNATURAL LIGHT... WHILE A CLOUD OF SMOKE SETTLED HEAVILY OVER THE BATTLEMENTS IN THE DISTINCT COLOSSAL FIGURE OF A HORSE...
...AND FROM AMIDST THE GLARE, A FIGURE WAS SEEN CLEARLY TO DESCEND THE STAIRS, AND TO EXIT THE COURTYARD...
...THE FIGURE OF AN OLD MAN - DEAD THREE WEEKS - THE SPIRIT - THE WALKING SOUL...
...AND THE OLD MAN'S FACE, EMACIATED, DETERIORATED, AND BURNED, WAS THE FACE OF WILHELM, COUNT BERLIFITZING...



THIS IS THE FACE OF LIVING-DEATH!

Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!

SEÑOR VORSE--WHY ARE YOU GROVELLING?
LEAVE ME BE, NOSFERATU--I AM NOT WELL!
--NOT WELL? YOU ARE DEAD... WHAT CAN GIVE YOU PAIN?
...YOU ARE A MERCILESS FIEND, NOSFERATU--A BLOOD-MONGER--A PITIFUL BEING...
...GET WITH YOUR TALE...
...IT IS MY HEART--I LONG FOR MY BE-LOVED MARIA--I LOVE HER SO MUCH...
...THEN PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SPEAK YOUR TALE NOW, SHARK VORSE, THE AGONY OF YOUR PRESENT MOOD WILL BE REFLECTED AS YOU SPEAK YOUR STORY...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ZESAR

...THERE ARE **TEN MEN** AND A **WOMAN** WITHIN **NOSFERATU'S PALACE...7 MEN** HAVE ALREADY BEEN **HUMILIATED, DEBASED,** AND **EXPOSED--7 MEN** WHOSE **SOULS** ARE NOW **WITHIN HELL,** REVELLING IN **MISERY**--THERE ARE **3 MEN** AND A **WOMAN** NOW TO BE HEARD FROM--MORBID MISFITS **EAGER** TO GET THEIR TALES **TOLD--EAGER** TO **SPEAK** AND TO RELIEVE THEIR **AGONY**--FOR THE HOUR IS **LATE,** OR **EARLY**--THE **DAWN** WILL SOON **RISE** AND A **TWELFTH BEING** PRESENT WILL SPEAK **HIS** TALE--A **MONSTER** IN **HUMAN FORM**--THE **11 HUMANS** WERE **BORN HUMAN** AND **BRED** HUMAN WHO FELL **VICTIMS** TO THE **TAUNTS** OF **TEMPTATION**--BUT **NOSFERATU? NOT THAT MONSTER**--HE WAS **NEVER** HUMAN, THOUGH HE IS THE **ONLY BEING PRESENT** HERE THIS NIGHT WHO IS YET **ALIVE,** WHO SPEAKS TO HIS **"GUESTS"** AS **CONDESCENDINGLY** AS **SATAN HIMSELF** WOULD ADDRESS HIS **LOWEST, VILEST MINION**--

NOSFERATU

CHAPTER 8

WHO KILLED THE SHARK?

...THIS IS SEÑOR RAMON VORSE OF BRAZIL, MASKED WITHIN A SHARK'S HEAD...
...I AM...DUBIOUSLY HONORED TO BE IN SUCH DISTINGUISHED COMPANY HERE TONIGHT...
...FOR I AM NOT A DISTINGUISHED PERSON MYSELF--I AM IN FACT A COMMON WORKER OF FARMING STOCK...
...WHO CAME TO THE CITY AND BY CHANCE I WAS PRESS-GANGED ABOARD A SHIP AGAINST MY WILL...
"...IT WAS MY DOWNFALL WHEN THEY DRAGGED ME ABOARD "THE OCEAN PENQUIN" THAT NIGHT--BUT IT WAS MY FATE AND GOOD FORTUNE, TOO--THAT ABOARD HER WAS MY MARIA--DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN SALVATORE--A MERCILESS TREASURE HUNTER WHO CARED LITTLE FOR THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF HIS CREW..."
...THERE ARE 45 MEN ABOARD THE SEA PENQUIN--YOU SIX MEN WERE PRESS-GANGED BECAUSE I WAS SHORT A FULL CREW...SO I UNDERSTAND FULL WELL YOUR RESENTMENT AGAINST ME...
...BUT YOU SHOULD ALSO KNOW WHAT GOOD FORTUNE IT IS FOR YOU THAT YOU ARE ABOARD... I AM A TREASURE-HUNTER, AND RECENTLY HAVE COME INTO INFORMATION ABOUT A WRECK CONTAINING MILLIONS IN SPANISH BOOTY...
...YOU CAN SHARE THIS FORTUNE WHEN WE DIG IT OUT OF THE OCEAN FLOOR... FOR A VOYAGE LASTING ABOUT A MONTH, AND HARD WORK--YOU CAN ALL RETIRE RICH MEN...SO LOOK NOT UPON ME AS AN OGRE--BUT AS YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND...

..."THE 3RD DAY OUT OF PORT I SAW MARIA...
MARIA...THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER--BUT HAVE NO ROMANTIC THOUGHT ABOUT HER...
MY LORD... WHO IS THAT WOMAN?...
AYE...THE CAPTAIN WOULD AS SOON SLAY YOU AS LOOK AT YOU IF YOU EVEN SPOKE TO HER...
EXCUSE ME--WILL ONE OF YOU HELP ME A MOMENT, PLEASE?
I SHOULD BE PLEASED TO HELP YOU ANY WAY I CAN... WHAT IS IT?
I NEED A TRUNK MOVED...
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE IT MOVED?
TO MY FATHER'S CABIN--IT WAS PLACED IN MY CABIN BY MISTAKE!
..."I KNOW NOT WHY MARIA, THE PRINCESS FELL IN LOVE WITH ME--PERHAPS THE TYRANNY OF HER FATHER, KEEPING HER AWAY FROM ANY MAN, HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT--PERHAPS SHE WOULD HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ANY MAN--BUT THANK THE LORD--SHE DID NOT LOVE ANY MAN--SHE LOVED ME..."

MARIA...I...
...DO NOT SPEAK, RAMON, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SPEAK OF MY FATHER...I KNOW AS WELL AS YOU THAT HE WOULD NEVER ALLOW OUR LOVE...
...BUT WITHIN A MONTH I WILL BE A RICH MAN AND OFF YOUR FATHER'S SHIP--WE CAN ESCAPE HIS TYRANNY ASHORE --WE CAN BE WED-- HE'LL NEVER FIND US...
"...AS I SPOKE MY PLAN-- SMILE CAME TO MARIA'S LIPS--SHE KISSED ME TENDERLY AND WE EMBRACED, THINKING NOT OF NOW-- OF OUR TO-MORROWS AS MAN AND WIFE...
"...ON THE FIFTH DAY OF OUR VOYAGE--WE DROPPED ANCHOR --AND BEGAN PREPARATIONS FOR THE UNDER-WATER SEARCH FOR THE SUNKEN GALLEON...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MARIA?
I--I'M JUST TAKING IN THE SUN, FATHER... I...
GO BELOW DECK--IF YOU STAY HERE YOUR BEAUTY DIS-TRACTS THE MEN...
"...I WANTED TO KILL HIM..."
GO BELOW DECK!

OH, MARIA--HOW CAN A MAN BE SO VILE TO TREAT HIS OWN DAUGHTER AS HE TREATS YOU?
I HATE HIM, RAMON--OH, GOD HOW I LOATHE HIM...
NO--NO RAMON--AFTER THE TREASURE IS DUG UP--HE PLANS TO KILL YOU--TO KILL ALMOST ALL HIS MEN--KEEPING THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF AND A FEW OF HIS TRUSTED MEN...
I--I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
YOU MUST, RAMON--IT'S TRUE--I HAD PLANNED TO HIDE YOU LATER WHEN HE BEGAN HIS MURDERS, BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN PREVENT ANY-ONE FROM DYING...
YES--YES I MUST!
"...I SPOKE TO THE MEN--TOLD THEM OF THE CAPTAIN'S PLANS--I INCITED THEM TO MUTINY...
"--THEY CAME UPON THE CAPTAIN IN HIS CABIN AND CONFRONT-ED HIM--CAPTAIN SALVATORE WAS WITHOUT WORDS--HE WAS TOO SURPRISED TO RETALIATE--THEY BOUND HIM AND DRAGGED HIM TO THE DECKS..."

"...WHERE HE WAS FORCED TO WALK THE PLANK--FORCED TO WALK SEVEN FEET TO HIS DEATH INTO THE MIGHTY ATLANTIC...
"...FOR THE SHARKS WERE WAITING FOR SUCH A SUMPTUOUS FEAST AS THIS VICTIM--FATTENED FOR THE KILL...
"...ONLY THEN--DID I DISCOVER THE REAL MARIA..."
YOU MEN DO NOT REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE! YOU HAVE KILLED A MAN WHO COULD HAVE GIVEN YOU A FORTUNE IN GOLD--THIS MAN, RAMON VORSE, LUSTED AFTER ME AS HE LUSTED AFTER MY FATHER'S TREASURE!
...HE MADE UP LIES... HE INCITED YOU TO MUTINY AGAINST AN INNOCENT MAN--I--I DO NOT BLAME YOU MEN.--ON THE SURFACE...
..YOU SAW IN MY FATHER A TYRANNICAL OLD MAN--BUT I KNEW MY FATHER INSIDE--HE WAS A GOOD AND KIND MAN...
...AN HONEST MAN--WHO COVERED UP HIS TRUE SELF WITH FACADE OF BEING CRUEL--BECAUSE HE FEARED THOSE WHO WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIM... THIS MAN IS MY FATHER'S MURDERER...
MARIA--I--I...
NO LONGER AM I AFRAID OF YOU AND YOUR THREATS AGAINST MY LIFE. IF I DID NOT SUCCUMB TO YOUR FILTHY LUSTS OF THE FLESH...

"...THE MEN CAME UPON ME, INCITED NOT BY REASON, BUT BY THE PASSIONATE LIES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...
"...THEY LIFTED ME INTO THE AIR WITH A FURIOUS ROAR OF ANGER...
"...FOR THEY BELIEVED I HAD DECEIVED THEM...
"...WHO ATTACKED IN A HORDE AND RIPPED ME APART...
"...AND THEY THREW ME TO THE SHARKS...
"...BUT THEY WERE NOT MY MURDERERS...
"--MARIA WAS MY MURDERESS-- JUST AS SURELY AS IF IT WERE HER TEETH RIPPING AT ME..."

NOW--LET US GET ABOUT OUR **WORK**-- LET US **DIG OUT** THE **DEPTHS** THE **FORTUNE** MY **BELOVED FATHER PLANNED** FOR US...
...BUT WHICH ONLY **I** WILL BENEFIT BY-- FOR THE MOMENT THIS VESSEL TOUCHES SHORE I'LL HAVE EVERY ONE OF YOU **ARRESTED** FOR THE **MUTINY** AND **MURDER** OF MY **FATHER**--AND THE FORTUNE WILL BE **MINE ALONE**...
"...FOR SOME REASON--**BEYOND** THE **POWERS MORTAL MAN COMPREHEND**-- THOUGH I WAS **DEAD, MY MIND STILL LIVED WITHIN MY CORPSE**...
"...**I WATCHED** AS THE **DIVERS** CAME INTO THE WATERS AND **DISCOVERED** THE **FABULOUS PIRATE TREASURE**...
"...**I** WATCHED AS THEY BEGAN **HAULING** IT UP TO THE **SHIP**...
"...AND A **PLAN** CAME TO MY **MIND**-- A **PLAN** SO **WICKEDLY HUMOROUS** IN **DESIGN** I KNEW **SATAN HIMSELF** WOULD **DIE LAUGHING** WHEN HE HEARD OF IT..."

...BREAK OPEN THE CHESTS NOW-- AND LET US EVALUATE OUR FORTUNES...
YEAAA
...I--HAVE-- MY-- REVENGE...
"...UPON-- MY-- MURDERESS... MY-- BELOVED-- MARIA--

...SO--UNMASK NOW, VORSE, AND LET US SEE WHAT REMAINS OF YOUR--AHM-- REMAINS...
SO--YOU NEVER REALLY ENJOYED THE LOVE OF MARIA, EH, VORSE--AND THE WHOLE ROMANCE WAS ONE-SIDED INFATUATION--YOU LOVED A WITCH...
YES--I LOVED A WITCH...
YES, YES--BUT SHE DID NOT LOVE YOU--I ONLY EXPRESS THE FACTS ...YOU NEVER HAD HER LOVE...
NO--I NEVER HAD HER LOVE...
YOU TURN THE SCREW INTO MY HEART AS DEEP AS IT WILL GO, NOSFERATU--STILL IT DOES NOT CHANGE THE TRUTH--I LOVED MARIA AS I HAVE LOVED NO OTHER WOMAN...
...BUT TO THIS DAY--I HAVE HER HEART!
NEXT: THE TALE OF THE WOMAN-- I KILL TO LIVE!

Horror-Mood Artist of the Month

PABLO MARCOS

Paranoic PABLO MARCOS, illustrator, cover artist, family man, and really nice guy, has been an important member of the HORROR-MOOD TEAM for several years. His corrupt illustrations first appeared in these pages and ever since his work has appeared in the magazine of every major illustrated magazine group. Marcos hails from Mexico, where he recently returned with his charming wife and four children, after a four year stint in the New York City area. At home in Mexico, Pablo will return to his country-reknown newspaper strips and magazine illustrations, but we will continue to feature his artwork in our pages from time to time. Always controversial — readers will recall his very gruesome illustrations for the very gruesome tale, LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH; always dramatic — you will recall his very exciting artwork on THE HEAP and more recently on LADY SATAN; always exciting and visually powerful — you will no doubt remember THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN and THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL; artist PABLOS MARCOS is a man with a promising future! SALUTE!

from LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH

a scene from THE TUNNELS OF HORROR

A scene from the now-famous Horror-Mood tale THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN

...THEY GRIP THE NECK... TWIST... TEAR... TILL THE MUSCLES AND BONES BREAK AND THE SKULL COMES FREE...
...THE FIENDS AN' VAMPIRES'LL STALK THE COUNTRYSIDE UNLESS AH CLEANSE...

the great Pablo Marcos artwork for LADY SATAN

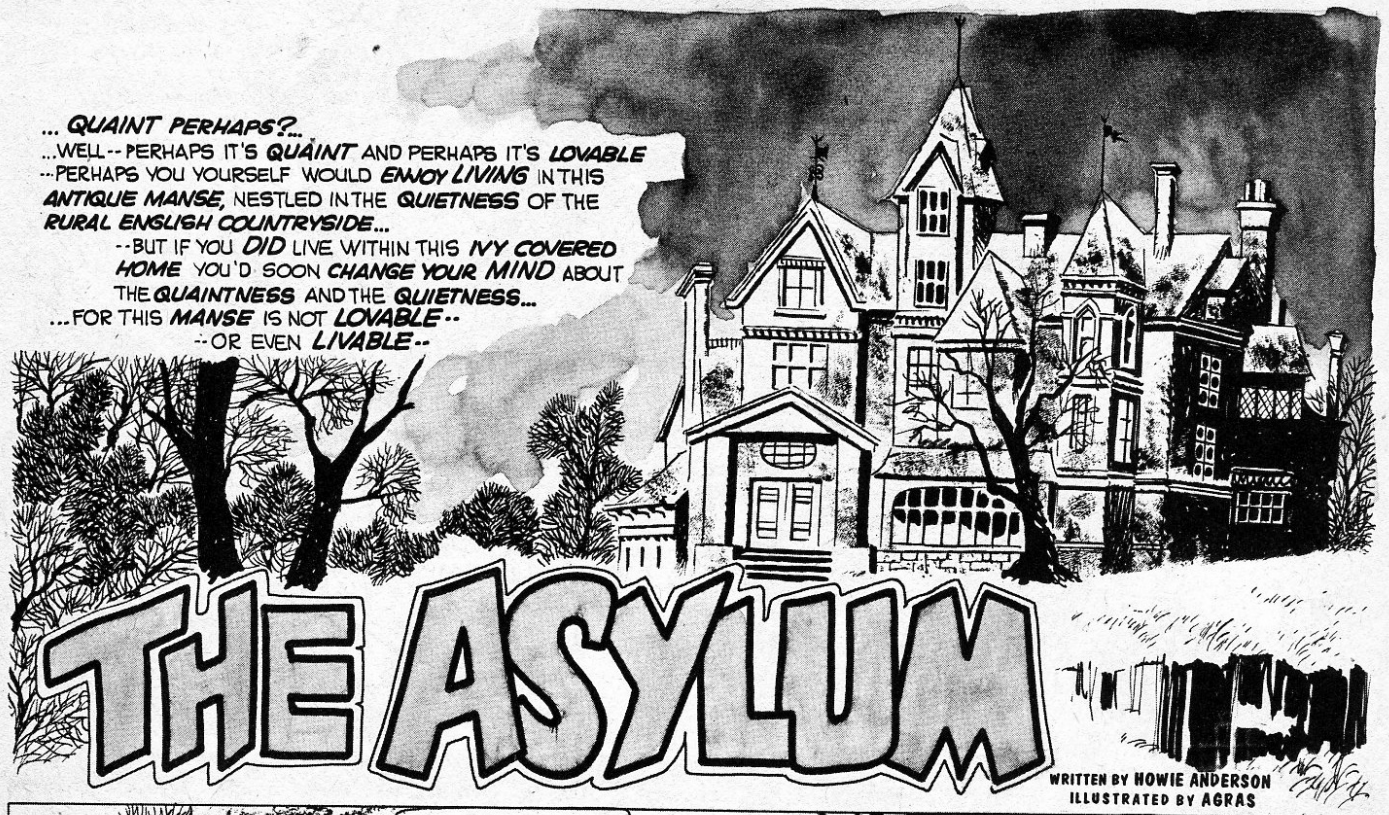
DO YOU WANT TO DIE? THEN CONFESS!!
NO-- THAT IS NOT FAIR!
WHAT IS FAIR AND WHAT IS NOT IS HARDLY YOUR CONCERN AT THE MOMENT CORRUPT F, ALIAS: THE WEREWOLF MURDEROR! CONFESS AND WE WILL PERMIT YOUR DEATH...
NO!

a scene from THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF

the insane Pablo Marcos artwork for THE HEAP

THEN THEY GIVE ME THIS ASSIGNMENT-- IN THE BLEAK OUTREACHES OF SOME DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM-- THIS FORSAKEN ICE WORLD... WHERE I HAD TO CARVE A HOLE IN THE DEVIL'S WHITE GROUND JUST TO KEEP WARM AND ALIVE...

from THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL


... QUAINT PERHAPS?..
...WELL-- PERHAPS IT'S QUAINT AND PERHAPS IT'S LOVABLE
--PERHAPS YOU YOURSELF WOULD ENJOY LIVING IN THIS ANTIQUE MANSE, NESTLED IN THE QUIETNESS OF THE RURAL ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE...
--BUT IF YOU DID LIVE WITHIN THIS IVY COVERED HOME YOU'D SOON CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THE QUAINTNESS AND THE QUIETNESS...
...FOR THIS MANSE IS NOT LOVABLE--
--OR EVEN LIVABLE--
THE ASYLUM
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY AGRAS

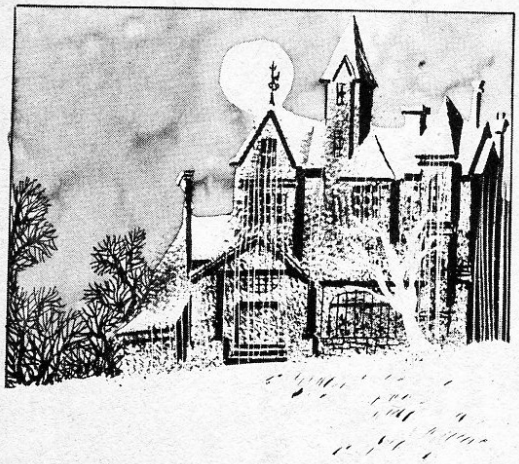
... I HOPE -- I PRAY SHE'S HERE...
ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE AND PRAY -- GOD HAS DESERTED US... JUST AS OUR DAUGHTER HAS DESERTED US!

THIS IS A NEW PHOTOGRAPH -- IT WAS TAKEN A YEAR AGO... BEFORE SHE RAN AWAY FROM HOME -- HAVE YOU SEEN HER HERE AT HOME-AWAY-FROM-HOME HALFWAY HOUSE?
WHAT IS YOUR DAUGHTER'S NAME?

...HER NAME IS MARY JANE TRAVERSE...

WELL -- I'M SORRY MRS. TRAVERSE -- I HAVE NEVER SET EYES ON HER... SHE'S NEVER COME TO THIS HOUSE...

I WISH I COULD GO HOME! I WISH -- I WISH I COULD GO HOME!
YOU CAN'T GO HOME MARY-- NOT TILL YOU SHAKE YOUR HABIT
... IF YOU WERE AT HOME YOUR PARENTS WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO COPE WITH YOU -- THEY'D PUT YOU ON ONE OF THOSE REHABILITATION PROGRAMS...
...WE DO A MUCH BETTER JOB HERE OF REHABILITATING -- YOU KNOW THAT...
OH GOD... YES I KNOW, I KNOW!
NOW GO UP TO YOUR ROOM MARY-- GET SOME REST-- YOU'VE HAD A BAD DAY-- FULL OF OLD AND HAPPY MEMORIES...
...YOU CAN'T TURN BACK THE CLOCK TO YESTERDAY WITHOUT SHAKING THE MONKEY ON YOUR BACK FIRST MARY-- YOU KNOW THAT!
YES CYNTHIA, I KNOW THAT! ... GOD... HOW I KNOW THAT...



I CAN'T STAND IT... I CAN'T STAND IT-- I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!!
--I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!!

...I DON'T NEED MY HABIT... I'VE SHAKEN IT-- IT'S BEEN SO LONG NOW I-I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT IT'S LIKE!!
...I'M GOING HOME!

HEY LITTLE LADY-- WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT AT HIS TIME OF NIGHT?
I NEED A LIFT! GIVE ME A RIDE AS FAR AS THE NEXT TOWN, WILL YOU MISTER? I'LL GET A BUS THERE...
--I'M GOING HOME--

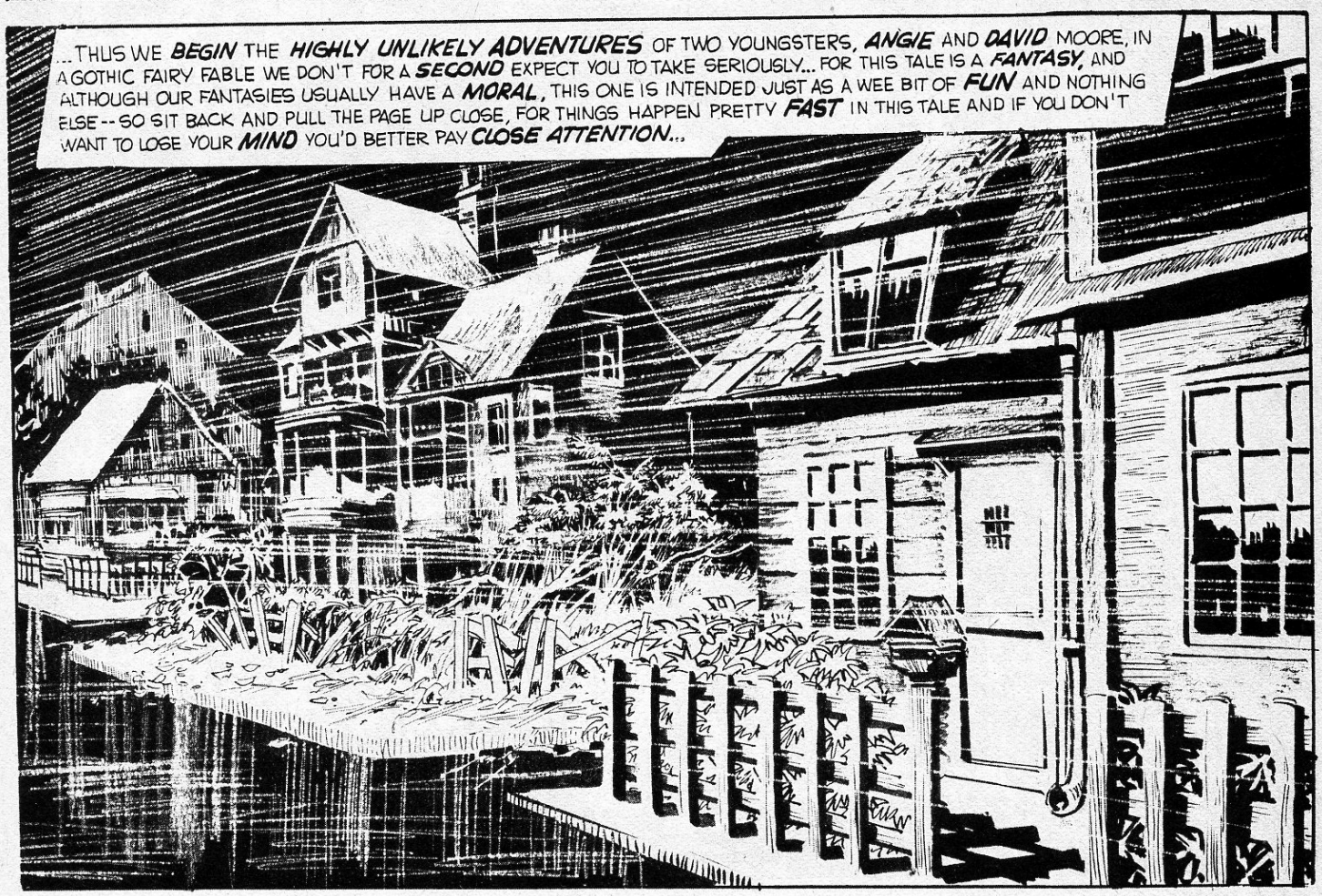
...I DON'T NEED THE STUFF --I DON'T NEED IT... I DON'T NEED IT... I JUST-NEED-TO-GO-HOME...
--EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT THERE--I KNOW--I CAN SHAKE MY HABIT--I KNOW I CAN!
MY MAME IS HARRY WALKER WHAT'S YOURS?
MARY!

MY GOD --MARY IS GONE...
BUT WHERE DO WE START LOOKING CYNTHIA?
THE USUAL PLACES...THE TOWN IS SMALL-- WE'LL FIND HER --I KNOW WE'LL FIND HER!!
CYNTHIA-- THAT CAR-- --WAS THERE AN ACCIDENT?
AN ACCIDENT OF SOME KIND OR OTHER!
MY GOD!

MARY IS ASLEEP NOW--HER LUST WAS SATIATED!
I'M HAPPY FOR HER -- AT LEAST SHE WAS FULFILLED -- THE SIGHT OF THAT MAN'S BLOOD ALMOST DROVE ME MAD -- I ALMOST REVERTED BACK TO MY HABIT -- MY BLOOD-LUST...
WE MUST FIGHT OUR LUSTS -- WE MUST SHAKE LOOSE THE CRAVING FOR HUMAN BLOOD FROM OUR MINDS -- WE MUST -- IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE -- IF WE ARE EVER TO GO HOME - LIKE MARY WANTS SO MUCH TO DO! WE'VE HAD A LONG AND HARD, HARD NIGHT -- GO TO SLEEP NOW--GET SOME REST!
YOU'RE RIGHT CYNTHIA--YOU'RE RIGHT!
WE ALL WANT TO GO HOME -- LIVE A DECENT, NORMAL LIFE -- WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT OUR LUSTS!
WELL--YOU CAN FIGHT YOUR LUSTS GIRLS -- BUT I DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT MINE! I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME TO A STRAIGHT LIFE -- I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME--
--THIS IS MY HOME-- ...THESE WALLS ARE BY BELOVED PARENTS -- EVERY CROCK AND EVERY CRANNY I HAVE COME TO LOVE SINCE MY REAL PARENTS DIED AND BEQUESTED ME THIS MANSE-- --THIS IS MY HOME--
AND YOU--MR. HARRY WALKER -- OUT OF THE GOOD NATURE OF YOUR HEART--
ARE BREAKFAST!

GOTHIC FAIRY TALES:

WHERE ARE THOSE TWO KIDS?..
...I THINK I SAW THEM GO INTO THE OLD GHOST HOUSE NEXT DOOR...
... I DON'T LIKE THEM IN THERE--THEY COULD VERY EASILY GET HURT...
...I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH DEAR...
I NEVER HEARD OF A GHOST ACTUALLY KILLING ANYONE!!


...THUS WE BEGIN THE HIGHLY UNLIKELY ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUNGSTERS, ANGIE AND DAVID MOORE, IN A GOTHIC FAIRY FABLE WE DON'T FOR A SECOND EXPECT YOU TO TAKE SERIOUSLY... FOR THIS TALE IS A FANTASY, AND ALTHOUGH OUR FANTASIES USUALLY HAVE A MORAL, THIS ONE IS INTENDED JUST AS A WEE BIT OF FUN AND NOTHING ELSE--SO SIT BACK AND PULL THE PAGE UP CLOSE, FOR THINGS HAPPEN PRETTY FAST IN THIS TALE AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR MIND YOU'D BETTER PAY CLOSE ATTENTION...

...WE BEEN COMING IN HERE A MONTH NOW DAVIE AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANY GHOST...
...MAYBE THERE ISN'T ONE...
...MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... MAYBE THERE ISN'T...
...AN' MAYBE THERE IS...
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT ANGIE...
WE SMOKE HIM OUT...
BUT HOW?
...WHERE THERE'S FIRE THERE'S SMOKE... WE'LL BURN THE GHOST'S HOUSE DOWN...
...IF THERE REALLY IS A GHOST I DON'T THINK HE'LL LIKE THAT...
...BUT...BUT THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MURDEROR DAVIE... AN AXE MURDEROR... HE MIGHT HURT US...
DON'TCHA KNOW THAT WHEN PEOPLE TALK ABOUT GHOSTS THEY TALK ABOUT WHETHER THEY EXIST OR NOT?... THEY NEVER TALK ABOUT GHOSTS HURTING PEOPLE...
...THIS OLD PILE OF RAGS IS GREAT FOR COMBUSTION... THE PLACE WILL GO UP IN TWO MINUTES FLAT...
YOU SURE KNOW A LOTTA SCIENTIFIC STUFF DAVIE...
D-D-AVIE...THE G-GHOST!
YOU...
...PUT THAT FIRE OUT...

NO! YOU CAN'T HURT US... YOU'RE ONLY A GHOST!
...THIS AXE IS REAL ENOUGH CHILD...
DAVIE... DO AS HE SAYS PULEEESE...
NO... NO... YOU CAN'T HURT us...
ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST WE COMMIT ANGELINE AND DAVID TO THEIR ETERNAL GRAVES...
DO YOU THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT?
...THAT AN AXE FELL OFF A WALL AND KILLED TWO CHILDREN...
... AN ACCIDENT? NOT ON YOUR LIFE... IT WAS THAT DAMN GHOST!
GHOST MURDEROR! ...CONFRONT ME... DENY YOUR GUILT...

IT WAS NOT MY DOING!
J-JACK... TH-THERE IS A GHOST...
YOU KILLED MY CHILDREN...
ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE... THEY WOULD'VE BURNED MY HOME... I DID NOT MURDER THEM... I PROTECTED MY PROPERTY...
HE'S LYING DADDY...HE KILLED US OUT OF MEANNESS.
...HE'S OUR MURDEROR!
M-MY DEAR G-GOD...
...TELL ME THE TRUTH DAVID...
BUT... BUT I AM TELLING YOU THE TRUTH...
I'LL BET YOU AREN'T... I'LL BET YOU WERE GOING TO BURN THE HOUSE DOWN...
YOU CAN'T YELL AT US NOW... YOU CAN'T HURT US NOW... WE'RE GHOSTS...
...AND WE CAN HURT YOU...
IT'S YOUR FAULT... YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET US COME INTO THE HOUSE IN THE FIRST PLACE...
I'LL PUT YOU OVER MY KNEE DAVID AND SPANK YOUR RUMP TILL IT BURNS...
OH NO... OH NO YOU WON'T...

ASHES TO ASHES
DUST TO DUST
WE COMMIT MARY AND
JACK MOORE TO THEIR
ETERNAL GRAVES...
...NOW, DEAR READER, OUR TALE IS NOT YET OVER, OF COURSE, FOR IN THIS FANTASY THERE IS A MORAL AND EVERYONE GETS THEIR JUST DESERTS...
WHAMM WHAMM
WHAMM WHAMM

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN ANGIE... COME ON...
...AH, BUT OUR FABLE IS NOT OVER EVEN YET... FOR THERE IS STILL ANOTHER TO BE RECKONED WITH...ONE BARNABAS SHELL, AXE-MURDEROR AND GHOST...
WHAMM WHAMM
WHAMM WHAM WHAMM
WHAMM WHAMM
...IT'S BEEN SAID THERE'S TOO MUCH VIOLENCE AROUND NOWADAYS, SO WE 'BLANK OUT' THIS LAST PANEL BECAUSE IT'S PRETTY GACK! VIOLENT... WHAT WITH AN AXE MURDEROR SLICING INTO THE GHOSTLY REMAINS OF A FAMILY OF FOUR WHOSE ABOMINABLE SQUABBLING AND ARGUING HAS DRIVEN THE OWNER OF THIS GHOSTLY MANGE ONE-STEP-BEYOND...

...THIS...
...IS *CHAPTER 4* OF THE *MACABRE* *SAGA OF THE VICTIMS*... THE MAD TALE OF TWO WHO ARE SUBJECTED TO TERRIBLE ENDLESS *HORRORS* THAT COME AND END *WITHOUT* END... FURY UPON *FURY* IS UNLEASHED UPON THE *UNWILLING ADVENTURERS*... HELL UPON *HELL* IS THEIR CONTINUING *CIRCUMSTANCE*...

...THERE IS A LUNATIC YET SANE *REASON* FOR WHAT GOES ON...ONE WHICH WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO TELL... ONE TOWARDS WHICH ARE MYRIAD *CLUES* THAT MIGHT BEAWFULLY GUESSED...

...THIS IS *CHAPTER FOUR*...

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY SUSO

...THE SAGA BEGAN A TERRIBLY LONG TIME AGO IN THIS MACABRE-MANSE BURIED IN CITY-MANHATTAN... WHERE ANNE ADAMS AND JOSEY FORSTER WERE REGISTERED AS COLLEGE STUDENTS...
...THEY BECAME GOOD FRIENDS QUICKLY--A STRONG RELATIONSHIP GREW BETWEEN THE GIRLS; ONE WHICH CONTINUED ON INTO HELL WHEN THEY WERE ONE NIGHT ATTACKED BY STRANGE MUTANTS WHO CARRIED THEM BELOW THE SCHOOL TO AN UNDERGROUND CITY POPULATED BY LUNATICS...
...THEY WERE DRAGGED FROM HORROR TO HORROR TO FACE WRETCHED AND DEGENERATE FIENDS OF ALL MANNER AND ORIGIN... BUT NOT UNTIL THEY FACED THIS MASSIVE PTERODACTYL DID THEY COME TO FULLY REALIZE THEY WERE VICTIMS FOR SOME INSANE THO UNKNOWN REASON...
...THE VICTIMS ARE NEVER GIVEN ANY TIME TO THINK OF THOSE REASONS THO... THEY ARE TORMENTED BY LUDICROUS TORMENTORS WHO DENY THEM REST AND FOOD AND EXHAUST THEM PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY...

...THIS BRINGS US TO THE PRESENT MOMENT ... WHEN BOUND AND GAGGED THEY ARE FORCED TO WALK THE PLANK OF A PIRATE SHIP MANNED BY CORPSES... THEY ARE FREED WHEN THE SHIP VANISHES INTO THE PIT OF A WHIRLPOOL IN CENTRAL-ATLANTIC BUT ARE ABOUT TO DROWN WHEN A BIZARRE TENTACLE APPEARS FROM THE MAELSTROM WALL AND WRAPS AROUND THEM...
...THIS OBSCENE TENTACLE, WHILE IT PREVENTS THEIR IMMINENT DEATH BY DROWNING, DOES LITTLE TO EASE THEIR MINDS... FOR DEATH BY DROWNING IS PERHAPS AN EASIER, KINDER, FASTER DEATH THAN DEATH BY UTTER SUFFOCATION... AND AS THIS TENTACLE WRAPS 'ROUND THEM TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THE MOMENT OF THE DEATH OF THE VICTIMS BECOMES CLOSER WITH EVERY-PASSING-SECOND...
SUSO 74
I AM TREACHERY
...I AM HORROR INCARNATE-

...THE MONSTROUS BLACK-POROUS TENTACLE RAISES THEM OUT OF THE WATER AND THE SWIRLING MAELSTROM...RAISES THEM HIGH ABOVE ONE DEATH ONLY TO THREATEN ANOTHER...
...IT SWINGS THEM ABOUT PLAYING WITH THE VICTIMS... IT SQUEEZES TILL THEY CANNOT BREATHE THEN IT RELAXES TILL THEY NEAR-FALL FROM ITS HOLD, BACK INTO THE WHIRLPOOL...
...THEN IT BEGINS TO RE-COIL AND PULLS THEM INTO ITS UNSEEN ORIGINS BEHIND THE WALL OF WATER...
...IT PULLS THEM INTO THE WALL OF WATER AND THEY ALMOST DROWN... YET ITS MOVEMENTS ARE SURE AND DELIBERATE... AND IT DOES NOT FALTER IN ITS MIGHTY EFFORTS TO DRAW THEM CLOSER AND CLOSER...

...CLOSER AND CLOSER TO ITS CAVERNOUS MOUTH! ...NOW THE MONSTER IS REVEALED... AND WERE THE TWO GIRL VICTIMS NOT ALREADY CHOKING FROM LACK OF OXYGEN THEY WOULD SURELY NOW FAINT FROM THE VERY SIGHT OF THIS GROTESQUE MUTANT SQUID...
...WHO DEVOURS THEM IN-TOTAL...

...INSIDE THE BLACK-MOIST MOUTH OF THE SQUID THEY ARE RESOLVED TO ACCEPT THEIR DEATH...
...BUT INSTEAD THEY FIND THEMSELVES DRY AS, MYSTERIOUSLY, THE OCEAN VANISHES FROM THIS FLESHY PIT... AND HENCE PERMITS THEM TO BREATHE...
...AND ABLE TO SEE...
...ANNE ...ANNE... LIGHT!
...HOW CAN THERE BE A LIGHT FIXTURE IN THE MOUTH OF A SQUID?...
...UNLESS...
...UNLESS IT ISN'T A SQUID AT ALL?...
..WELL... .ARE YOU GOING TO THANK ME OR NOT?

...THANK YOU?.. WHO ARE YOU?..
...COME INSIDE...
...AND I'LL TELL YOU...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
...OBVIOUSLY NOT A SQUID AS YOU FIRST WERE MADE TO BELIEVE...
...AND THAT IS ITS PURPOSE ...AS A DISGUISE...
...IN FACT... THIS IS A SUBMARINE... ONE WHICH I DEVELOPED IN 1944 FOR THE FATHERLAND...
...HERE... SIT AND EAT...
...THE... FATHERLAND? ...GERMANY?
NAZI - GERMANY...
NOT JUST GERMANY...
...NAZI - GERMANY ...I WAS SPECIAL - ASSISTANT TO THE FUHRER...
...MY GOD...

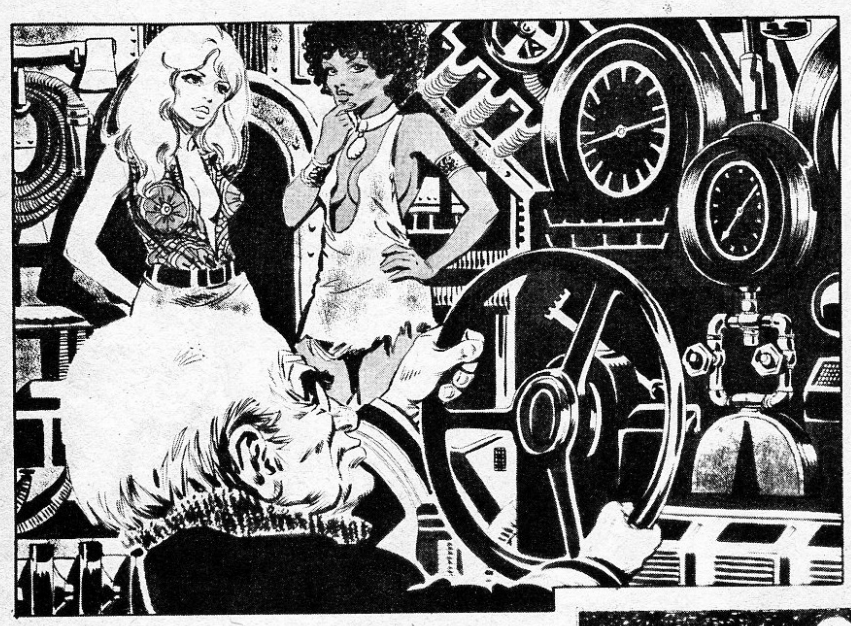
"YOU... WERE A NAZI?
OH NO WOMAN... ... NO NO... NOT WERE... ...AM... ... PERHAPS THE LAST OF US...
UNFORTUNATELY... AS SOON AS I PERFECTED THIS ULTIMATE WEAPON, THE WAR WAS OVER ... I, HOWEVER, ESCAPED WITH MY MACHINATION AND NOW HAPPILY ROAM THE 7 SEAS IN SEARCH OF...
...ADVENTURE...
...ADVENTURE?..
"... I TRAVEL SOMETIMES TO THE CARIBBEAN... WHERE I COME UP OUT OF THE WATERS AND TERRORIZE TOURISTS..."

"...OFF THE COAST OF PERU I AM KNOWN AS EL LUNATICO... I AM FEARED BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOTS WHO THINK I'M A GOD OF SOME KIND..."
"...OFF THE SOUTHERN TIP OF AFRICA I AM FIRED UPON BY AUTHORITIES... FOOLISH, BUREAUCRATIC SIMPLETONS... I MERELY DEMOLISH THEIR TOY ARMAMENTS..."
I...HATE TO ASK THIS QUESTION... ...BUT... ...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?...
...AM I NOT HOSPITABLE? DIDN'T I SAVE YOU FROM DEATH? I GIVE YOU FOOD AND GOOD WINE... AND YOU THINK I AM... SOMEHOW... UP TO NO GOOD!!...
...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?...
...WHY...
...NOTHING...

...I AM A NOBLE CAPTOR...
... DO NOT THINK FOR A MOMENT THAT I THREATEN YOU IN ANY WAY... BUT I FAIL TO SEE HOW YOU HAVE ANY ALTERNATIVE BUT TO REMAIN HERE WITH ME... IT HAS BEEN MANY MANY LONG YEARS SINCE I HAVE HAD FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP...
...AND YOU... WILL BE IDEAL COMPANY...TWO YOUNG GIRLS?...OH YES...
YOU ARE ALONE... WE COULD EASILY OWERPOWER YOU...
...AND THEN?..
...THEN?..
...THEN... WHAT WOULD YOU DO THEN?...
WOULD YOU SUDDENLY MASTER THE INTRICATE CONTROLS OF MY SUBMARINE?...
...HA HA... FOOLISH GIRLS...
...YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE...
...MAY WE...
...MAY WE... SLEEP PLEASE...
CERTAINLY... CERTAINLY...YOU MAY BOTH DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE...
...YOU MAY SLEEP IN THERE UNTIL I CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR MORE APPROPRIATE QUARTERS FOR YOU...

...I HAVE THE FEELING WE SHOULD HAVE THANKED HIM ...AFTER ALL JOSEY, HE DID SAVE US...
...I THINK IT'S ALL PART OF THE PLOT...
...PLOT...?
THIS PLOT TO BREAK US IN HALF...
...STILL...THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE GIVE UP! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO FREE OURSELVES...
OH...WELL THAT'S NO PROBLEM...
...HUH?...
...HE TOLD US THE SOLUTION HIMSELF...
WHAT?
YES...HE TALKED ABOUT THE CONTROLS OF THIS... SUBMARINE...SQUID THING... ...WELL...ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WATCH HIM AND LEARN THE CONTROLS...
...THEN...WE JUST GET RID OF HIM AND TAKE THIS... THING... INTO A SHORE SOMEWHERE...
...THAT'S RIGHT...
...IT ALL SEEMS A BIT SIMPLE...
...AND THAT'S WHY IT'LL WORK...

...THE GIRLS ARE ALLOWED *REST* FROM THEIR CONSTANT *AGONIES* FOR A DAY OR SO, DURING WHICH TIME THEY OCCUPY THEMSELVES IN THE STUDY OF SUBMARINE NAVIGATION...WATCHING THE NAZI-DWARF'S EVERY ACTION AT THE INTRICATE CONTROLS...



...BUT IT IS NOT *LONG* BEFORE AN *OPPORTUNITY* PRESENTS ITSELF FOR THEIR *ESCAPE*... FOR THEIR HEINOUS CAPTOR IS BENT ON *IMPRESSING* THEM WITH HIS WEIRD WAYS AND PULLS THE *SQUID-SHIP* INTO A *NATURAL HARBOR* OFF THE AFRICAN COAST...

...WHERE HE BEGINS TO *DESTROY* NATIVE FISHING VESSELS...

...IT'S NOT RESPONDING...
...BUT IT MUST... WE'RE DOING THE SAME THINGS AS HE DID...
...HE TRICKED US SOMEHOW... HE MISLED US, HE KNEW THIS MIGHT HAPPEN AND HE TRICKED US...
THE SQUID IS GOING MAD...
...WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT ANNE... SOMEHOW WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!...
...THE TORPEDO TUBES HE BOASTED ABOUT...
...WE'LL GET INSIDE THEM AND FIRE OURSELVES OUT...
THOOOMPH

KAROOMPH
WHY... ...WHY DID IT BLOW UP?
... I DON'T KNOW... ... LET'S JUST COUNT OURSELVES LUCKY WE GOT OUT WHEN WE DID...
NATIVES... ...ARE THEY... DANGEROUS
... I HOPE NOT...
...THOSE COSTUMES... ...WHAT DO THEY MEAN? ...AND WHY DON'T THEY SPEAK?
...I...DON'T KNOW... BUT THEY DON'T LOOK HUMAN... ... THE WAY THEY LOOK AT YOU ANNE... I DON'T THINK THEY'VE SEEN A WHITE WOMAN BEFORE... I DON'T THINK THEY SPEAK ENGLISH EITHER...
...I DON'T THINK THEY EVEN SPEAK...

...ANNE...
...OH LORD...
...I AM TREACHERY... I AM HORROR INCARNATE...

WELCOME TO MY VILLAGE...
...HE SPEAKS ENGLISH...
...THERE SEEMS NO END TO OUR MISERY...
I SPEAK ENGLISH ELOQUENTLY IF I MAY SO SAY...
...I AM A PRODUCT OF YOUR HARVARD UNIVERSITY...
...HARVARD!...
...YES, HARVARD, WHERE I MAJORED IN PSYCHOLOGY...
PSYCHOLOGY... THE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?...
...TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY EDUCATION...
BY HELPING YOUR PEOPLE?
NOT QUITE... ...BY MANIPULATING THEM...
... YOU ARE DISGUSTING...

NO... YOU ARE DISGUSTING...
I CAME TO THE UNITED STATES TO GET AN EDUCATION AND BETTER MYSELF...
...BUT YOUR PEOPLE... BLACK AND WHITE ALIKE SCORNED AND RIDICULED MY SIZE...
...I WAS NEVER GIVEN PEACE...
...BUT HERE I AM AT HOME... AND HERE, AS WITCH-DOCTOR FOR MY TRIBE... I AM A WARLORD!
EVERYONE!
...FOR YOU SEE... MY PEOPLE ARE CANNIBALS!
...YES...
...ISN'T IT...
...WARLORD?... WHO DO YOU MAKE WAR UPON?...
...YOU ARE AN EDUCATED MAN... YOU KNOW THAT'S BARBARIC...
MY PEOPLE WILL ESCORT YOU TO A HUT WHERE YOU'LL BE KEPT PRISONER ALONG WITH SEVERAL OTHERS CAPTURED EARLIER TODAY...
...AND LATER...
...YOU WILL BE TORTURED ...AND THEN...
EATEN!

...THESE OTHERS... LOOK AT THEM JOSEY...
...POOR WRETCHED PEOPLE... ...THEY KNOW WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THEM... WE CAN ONLY GUESS...
NOTHING WILL BECOME OF US...
WHAT?
NOT IF WE ESCAPE... AND WE MUST ESCAPE... YOU KNOW WE MUST...
...OR WE MUST DIE TRYING TO ESCAPE ... OTHERWISE WE'LL BE GIVING IN...
...I... DON'T KNOW ANNE... I THINK WE'VE HAD IT THIS TIME...
NO... THAT'S WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO... EITHER... GIVE IN AND ADMIT DEFEAT AND BEG OUR UNSEEN TORMENTORS FOR MERCY... OR... JUST GIVE IN AND LET WHATEVER HAPPENS JUST HAPPEN...
...WELL... WE WON'T GIVE IN EITHER WAY...
...THE GUARD IS ASLEEP...
...BUT WE'RE TIED UP...

...JUST THANK MY DILIGENCE IN LETTING MY FINGERNAILS GROW LONG...
THUMMP
...SSSSH...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THOOPP
THOOPPP
THOOPHH
THOOOOPH

NOW MY LITTLE ONES...
...YOU WANT TO ESCAPE DO YOU?... I THINK WE'LL FEAST UPON YOU SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED TO...
HAHA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA

... HERE ENDS **CHAPTER FOUR** OF **THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS**... ENDS WITH CERTAIN **QUESTIONS** LEFT UNANSWERED STILL... BUT NOT THE **SAME** QUESTIONS...

...IT IS **PAINFULLY** OBVIOUS FROM THE CONTINUED AND VARIED SITUATIONS THE **VICTIMS** FALL INTO THAT THERE IS AN AWESOME CONTROLLING **MANIAC** WHO IS THEIR TORTURER ...THAT HE WILL NOT LET THE GIRLS **FREE** UNTIL THEY **ADMIT DEFEAT**... THE QUESTION **NOW** IS **WHO?**...

...WE KNOW THEY WILL **ESCAPE** THIS WITCH-DOCTOR-GIANT... THERE IS NO SECRET IN **THAT**... ALTHOUGH THERE IS OBVIOUSLY AT THIS MOMENT A QUESTION OF THE **MEANS** BY WHICH THEY MIGHT **ESCAPE**... THE QUESTION IS **WHAT IS NEXT**...

...**NEXT**... **AN ANSWER BEGINS**... IN:

...I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY...